

A

PLEASANT
AND DELIGHT-
FVLL POEME OF
two Louers,
PHILOS
and
LICIA.



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LONDON

Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to bee
sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in
Fleete-streete, vnder the Dyall.

1624.

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AND DELIGHT.

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To the Reader



Entlemen ; hauing beene
(with the ouerthrow giuen
to my best opposed forces)
violently taken with the o-
uerflowing delights of hart-
rauisling Poesie, the com-

mon infection of easie youth, and commending
manie idle houres to these papers, and these to
the Presse, I commit both to your fauorable cen-
sures. In which, if there be any thing (yet I
feare I am not to attend so high a blisfulnesse)
which may yeeld you the least content, my
fortune hath brought forth the inten-
ded end of my labours, and I
desire no other hap-
pinesse.



To the Reader

Entertain, I humbly desire
(with my overture given)
to my best copy of letters
which I have taken with the
wonderful delights of heart
wonderful things, the com-



non infection of the world, and continuing
manic idle hours to these papers, and these to
the Press, I commit both to your favorable con-
sideration, in which, if there be any thing (as I
fear I am not to attend to high a business)
which may seem to you the least content, my
fortune had brought forth the same
and end of my labors, and I
desire no other hap-
piness.



PHILOS AND LICIA.

NOON had the Sun, chas'd night
Away, when that the Worlds discoverer,
That bright-eyed day, did with such
Posting in triumph through the
New beamed skie,
Had to the people shovne this victorie,
But that poore *Philos* (in himselfe forlorne)
Halted to tell his Love that it was morn:
The milke-white path that leadeth vnto Ioue,
Whereon the Gods continually doe moue,
Compar'd with that, which leadeth to her bed,
Was not so white, nor so enamell'd
A paire of milke-white staires, whiter than white,
Was the next way vnto his chiefe delight:
Vp those he mounted; and as by he paste,

In a wall were sundry stories plaste:
 Sweet weeping *Venus*, crying out amaine
 For the dolefull death by the bore was slaine:
 Skie-ruling *Ioue* lamenting ore a Cow,
 That seemd to weepe with him the sweetest *Io*:
 And there the picture of proud *Phaeton*,
 Mounting the chariot of the burning Sun,
 Was portraied, by which *Apollo* stood,
 Who seemd to check his hot sonnes youthful blood:
 One hand had holde, and one legge was aduant,
 To climbe his longing fear; but yet it chaunst,
 That warn'd by his father so, he staid
 A while, to heare whose teeres might well perswade;
 Which with such plenty answerd his desires,
 As though they shou'd to quench chusing fires:
 Hanging so liuely on the painted wall,
 That standers by haue sought to make them fall:
 The chamber, where his hearts delight did lie,
 Was all behung with richest *Tapistrie*,
 Where *Troies* overthrow was wrought, & therewithall
 The goddesses dissent about the ball:
 Bloud-quaffing *Hector* all in compleat Steele,
 Coping *Achilles* in the Trojan field,
 Redoubling so his sterne stroaks on his head,
 That great *Achilles* left the field, and fled;
 Which was so liuely by the Painter done,
 That

Philos and Lucia

3

That one would sweare the very cloth did runne.
Treachorous *Hylas* bringing in that hofsey, on that
Which proued a fatall coffin for *Troies* corse,
False-hearted *Synon* groueling on the mire,
Whose oily words prou'd fewell to *Troies* fire.
Flint-breasted *Pyrrhus* with an iron mace
Murdring the remnants of great *Priams* race.
Vertuous *Aeneas*, with the armes of Greece,
Venturing for *Troy* as *Iason* for his fleece.
And vpward if you lookt, you might behold
The roofe of it all wrought in burnisht gold.
Whereon was figur'd heauen; and there anent
The Gods in state riding to Parliament.
Gold-showring *Ioue* vpon a milke-white steed
Rode first in ranke; on whose imperiall head
A triple crowne was plac't, at which before
Two matchlesse diamonds for worth he wore:
On whose right hand *Idalian Ganymed*
A massie scepter strongly carried:
But on his left, swift-winged *Mercurie*
A dreadfull thunderbolt (earth's feare) did whurrie.
Next *Ioue*, *Apollo* came & him followed *Fame*,
Bearing a lawrell; on which sweet *Sydneys* name
In golden letters, plainly to be read,
By the *Nine Muses* had beene charrectred:
On whose each side eternitie and Praise.

Enroll'd

Enroll'd mens deeds, and gave them fame to raise,
 Then furious *Mars* came next with sulphure eyes,
 Flashing forth fire as lightning from the skies;
 Whose vncontrolled crest and battered shield
 Greeke-wounding *Hector* and *Aeneas* held.
 Light-headed *Bacchus* with a cup of golde
 Brimfull of wine, next *Mars* his place did holde
 The which quast off, one reeling on before
 Filled againe, and still supplied more.
 Him followed sicknesse, by excesse, being lead,
 With faint weak hands holding his pained head.
 Thus was the roose adorn'd: but for the bed,
 The which those sacred limmes encanaped,
 I could say much: yet poised with her selfe,
 That gorgeous worke did seeme but droffy pelfe.
 All-conquering Loue inspire my weaker Muse,
 And with thy locund smiles daigne to infuse
 Heauen-prompted praises to my vntaught story,
 That I may write her worth, and tell thy glory.
 Vpon her backe she lay (O heauenly blisse!)
 Smiling like *Ioue*, being couzend of a kisse;
 The enuious pillow, which did beare her head,
 Was with it selfe at warre, and mutined:
 For if the midst receiu'd her chaste impression,
 Then the two ends would swell at such a blessing;
 And if she chaust to turne her head aside,

Gracing

Gracing one end with natures only pride,
 The rest for enuy straight would swell so much,
 As it would leape asunder for a touch.
 Her Sun-out-shining eyes were now at set,
 Yet somewhat sparkling through their cabinet;
 Her scorne white forehead was made vp by nature,
 To be a pattern to succeeding creature
 Of her admiring skill: her louely cheekes,
 To Rose, nor Lylie, will leuer leeke,
 Whose wondrous beautie had that boy but prou'd,
 Who died for loue; and yet not any lou'd,
 Neuer had riuer beene adorned so,
 To burie more then all the world could shew.
 Her sweetest breath from out those sweeter lips,
 Much like coole winde which from the valleys skips
 In parching heat of Summer, stealeth forth,
 Wandring amongst her haire; her wel formed mouth:
 No art hath left vs such proportion,
 To modell out so true perfection. (sight,
 Her smooth moist hands the sheets kept from his
 Left by comparing, they should staine their white.
 As thus she lay like *Venus* in her pride,
 (Temp'ring sweet *Adon*, low'ring by her side)
Philos approcht, who with this sight strooke dumber
 Came stealing on to see, and being come,
 His greedie eye, which on the sudden meets

So many various and delicious sweets,
 As racke with pleasure (never having fill)
 Would faine looke off, and yet would looke on still.
 Thus do we surfer on our sudden ioyes,
 And ranck-fed pleasure thus it selfe destroyes:
 For when his eye doth light vpon her hand,
 He then protests, that that is whitenesse land,
 But when the whitenesse of her whiter brow
 Doth steale his eye from thence, he sweareth now
 Her brow is fellowlesse without all peere,
 When being snatched off vnto her fairest haire,
 He vowes, the Sun, which makes trees burnisht gold,
 Is not so faire, nor glorious to behold: (appeares)
 The viewing the strains which through those cheeks
 And that pure whitenesse which triumpheth there,
 Mixt with those azure Saphire passing vaines,
 Which are insert like silver running streames,
 Watring those golden apples of the breasts,
 Where heauens delight & earths contentment rests,
 His full-fed eye orecome with such excessse,
 Swears and forswears, denies and doth confesse:
 Then doth he touch her lips, Natures rich treasure,
 And musing thinks, which is the greatest pleasure
 To kisse or see; for to resolute which doubt,
 Again he kisses, whence comes stealing out
 So sweet a breath as doth confound his sense;
 His greates

For rarest objects hunt with excellence
 Then doth he seize her hand with softest straine,
 Whose might rebound doth easily detaine
 A willing guest, who purposely could will
 Noother food, but such a well-grac'd dish.
 Whiles thus poore Philos kisses, teeles and sees,
 Heauen-staining *Lian* opes her sparkling eyes,
 And askt the hopelesse Louer, if morne's eye
 Had out-strippt night: *Philos* made answer, L
 And thus the Louer did continuallie
 For why, such lustre glided from her eie,
 Which darkt the Sun, whose glory all behold,
 So that she knew not day, till some man told,
 Which office she to *Philos* had assign'd,
 Because she had him alwayes most in mind:
 Which had he knowne, he would not so haue spent
 The restless nights in dreary languishment,
 Tumbling and tossing in his lothsome bed,
 To flee from griefe, yet that still followed.
 Then rising vp, and running hither and there,
 As if he could outrun or lose his care:
 But being up, and finding no reliefe,
 Lookt in his heart, and there he found out griefe.
 How cam'st thou hither (then amaine he cries)
 To kill my heart? *Chiefe* answerd, Through his eyes
 Mine eyes (quoth he) suborn'd to murder me?

But

B 2

Well,

Well, for their treason they no more shall see:
 With that a flood of teares gush out amaine;
 But griefe sends sighs to beat them backe againe:
 So that the hurt he meane to do his eies,
 Heart-murdring griefe resists, and in denies.
 Whereat amazed, as one bereft of sense,
 His eies fixe fast on her, as if from thence
 His soule had gone; he cri'd: Oh, let this moue,
 Loue me for pitie, or pitie me for loue.
 Though I am blacke, yet do me not despise,
 Loue looks as sweet in blacke as faire mens eies.
 The world may yeeld one fairer to your view,
 Not all the world fairer in loue to you.
 A iewell dropt in mire to sight ill fauoured,
 Now, as before, in worth is valued;
 An orient pearle hung in an Indians eare,
 Receiues no blemish, but doth shew more faire;
 One Diamond, compared with another,
 Darks his bright light, so their worth doth smother;
 Where poised with a thing of light esteeme,
 Their worth is knowen, and their great beauty seene.
 Set white to white, and who commendeth either?
 Set white to blacke, and then the white's the fairer.
 The glorious Sunne, when in his glittering pride,
 Scowring the heauens, in progresse he doth ride,
 Who runnes to see? or who his sight doth lacke?

Well

B.

But

But if he chance to shute himselfe in blacke,
 Then the earths people couet him to see,
 As if he were some wondrous prodegie.
 The worlds perfection, at the highest rated,
 Was of a blacke confused thing created.
 The sight, wherewith such wonders we behold,
 The ground of it all darke, and blacke the mold.
 Since then by blacke, perfection most is knowne,
 Loue, if not for my sake, yet for your owne.
 Mole gracing *Venus* neuer shewed so faire,
 When as *Vulcan* the black-fac'd god was there,
 As thou by me : the people, as we pace,
 By my defects shall wonder at thy grace ;
 And seeing me so swarthie and so tawnie,
 Shall haue more cause for to admire thy beautie :
 And all shall thinke (by whom our charriots go)
 That tis thy beautie which hath tann'd me so.
 Thy dangling tresses, if compar'd with mine,
 Glitter like heauen with lustre from thine eie :
 And those immortall eies, which like the Sunne,
 The lookers on with his bright rayes doth burne,
 If mine be nie, will seeme to shine more cleere,
 Than glittering *Venus* in her Hemisphere.
 So thy rich worth, compared with my pelfe,
 Will in excellling others match thy selfe :
 Euen as Merchant that hath out at sea

His wealth, the hope of his posteritie,
 And hauing heard by flying newes, at home,
 That all is lost by some tempestuous storme,
 Comming to after-knowledge in the bay,
 It is arriu'd, and nothing cast away,
 But with redoubled wealth is backe returnd,
 For whose supposed losse he oft hath mournd;
 Is scarce himselfe, with ioy of what he heares,
 And yet retaines some of his former feares.
 It should proue false, recalling to his mind
 The certaine tokens which some had assign'd
 Of his more certaine wracke: So fareth she,
 Possess't with ioy (euen to the highest degree)
 Of what she heard; and yet in this extreame,
 Was halfe affrayd she was but in a dreame:
 For well she knew, that some nights did present
 As pleasing visions to her owne content;
 Yet in the morne, when golden sleepe had left her,
 Of her supposed ioyes it had bereft her.
 With this conceit, her iuory hand put forth,
 Drawes wide the curtaines which eclips'd her worth;
 And then she surely thinks she sees his face,
 (For none but his could glory of such grace)
 The same maiesticke courage which was wont
 To place it selfe vpon his gracefull front;
 That speaking cheeke, and that same sparkling eye

That powfull arme, and that same lustie thie;
With all those parts, so well compact together,
That Nature erd in all for him, or rather
Some higher power concurr'd to beautifie
So sweet a patterne of humanitie:
For neuer Nature (since the world began)
Could shew so true a perfect well shap't man.
While these conceits busied her wit-fraught braine,
Poore *Philos*, who imagines through disdain
She will not speake, in these words doth beseech,
She will transforme her breath into her speech:
Natures chiefe wonder, and the worlds bright eie;
Which shrowds *Elysium* in humanitie,
Idea of all blisse, Oh let me heare
Those well tun'd accents which thy lips do beare:
Pronounce my life or death: if death it be,
Thrice happy death, the which proceeds from thee.
O let those corall lips inricht with blisses,
A while forbear such loue-steep amorous kisses,
And part themselves, to stoy to mine eares
The sad misfortune which my poore heart feares.
If all my loue must be repayd with hate,
And I ordaind to be vnfortunate;
If my poore heart being consecrate to thee,
(Where thy sweet image sits in maiestie)
Must turne to ruine, and my teere-spent eies
Wholly

Wholly posselt with gripple avarice,
 Hourding the riches of the blessed sight
 Which they haue stolne from thee; must shade in
 Their deereft chrystals of vnualued price,
 Since they haue glassd themselues within thine eies;
 Yet let me craue one happy-making boone,
 Though farre too worthy for so meane a groome,
 That thine owne voice may swanlike (ere I die)
 Relate the storie of my miserie.
 Poore *Licia* fain would speake, & faine would tell him
 He needs not doubt, for she well doth loue him;
 Yet fearing he (as Chapmen vse to doo)
 Would hold aloofe, if Sellers gin to woo,
 Her tongue entreats of her vnwilling heart,
 She may a while forbear, and not impart
 Her loue-sicke passions to his couetous minde,
 Lest he disdainfull proue, and so vnkinde,
 O wonder worker (Loue) how thou doest force
 Our selues against our selues; and by that course
 Seem'st to erect great Trophies in our breasts,
 By which thou tak'st away our easefull rests,
 Nurse to thy passions, making seeming-hate
 Fewell to loue, and ieaousie the bate
 To catch proud hearts, fearefull suspition
 Being forerunner to thy passion
 Who most doth loue, must seeme most to neglect it;

For

For he that shews most loue, is least respected.
What vertue is inioyd, thats not esteemd ;
But what meane good we want, thats highly deemd:
Which is the cause that many men do rate
Their owne wiues vertues at a meane estate ;
Their matchlesse beautie and vnualued worth
Seemes nothing in their eyes, nor bringeth forth
Effects of loue, when to a meaner farre,
Whose birth nor beautie comparable are ;
With that he's cloid, his passions will admire
The very place whereon her footsteps were.
The life of sweets is kild without varietie,
One beautie still enioyd, breeds loathd satietie ;
And kindnesse, whose command lies in our power,
We seldome relisht ; but if labourd for,
Our very soule is rauisht with delight,
It is so pleasing to our appetite.
Vrg'd by these reasons, she would faine conceale
The hid affection which her heart did feele ;
And yet compassion of her louers state
(Whose outward habit shewd his inward fate)
Perswade with her to lend him some by-taste,
Lest through his loues grieve she his loues life waste.
Thrise happy daies (quoth she) and too soone gone,
When as the deed was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceitfull flattery nor guile

Hung on the Louers teere-commixed stile ;
When now-scornd vertue was the golden end,
By which all actions were performd and scand ;
And nothing glorious held, but what was free
From vassall guilt and staine*d* impietie.
In those gold-times poore maidens might relie
(Heauens sweetest treasure, dearer chaititie)
Vpon mens words : but since that age is fled,
And that the staining of a lawfull bed
Is youths best grace, and all his oaths and passion
Must still be taken on him as a fashion,
To busie idle heads : ôh, who can blame
If maids grow chary, since slie men want shame !
Say I should loue, and yet I know not why
I should make any such supposes, I ;
Not that I am of such relentlesse temper,
Whose heart nor vowes, nor sighs, nor teeres can en-
Nor am I only she, who thinks it good (ter ;
To sprinkle Loues rites with their Louers blood.
Poore women neuer yet in loue offended,
But that too quicke to loue they condescended :
Their fault is pitie, which beleeu*e*s too soone
Mens heart void tongue-delighted passion.
Could women learne but that imperiousnesse,
By which men yse to stint our happinesse,
When they haue purchac'd vs for to be theirs

By customary sighs and forced teeres,
To giue vs bits of kindnesse lest we faint,
But no abundance; so we euer want,
And still are begging, which too well they know
Endeares affection, and doth make it grow.
Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,
That we might glory ouer loue-sicke men!
But arts we know not, nor haue any skill
To faine a sower looke to a pleasing will;
Nor couch our secretst loue in shew of hate:
But if we like, must be compassionate.
Say that thy teere-discoloured cheeke should moue
Relenting pitie and that long liu'd loue,
If ere thy faith should alter, and become
Stranger to that which now it oft hath sworne,
How were I wrapt in woe! No time to be
Would euer end my datelesse miserie.
Ay me (quoth *Philos*) what man can despise
Such amorous looks, sweet tongues, & most sweet
Or who is gluttied with the sight of heauen, (eies?)
Where still the more we looke, the more is seene?
To the world of beauties Nature lent,
And in each beautie worlds of loues content,
Wherein delight and state moues circular,
Pleasure being captaine to thy Hemisphere.
Say that the eie, wandring through white and red,

Long hauing viewd Loues tower, thy wel built head,
 Passing thole iuory walks where gentlest aire
 Fannes the sweet tresses of thy scorn-gold haire,
 Admiring oft those redder strawberries,
 Ript by the Sun-shine of thy loue-blest eyes,
 Should in this maze of pleasure, being led,
 Grow weary, with much time satisfied:
 Then might the eare be rapt with melodie
 Surpassing farre the seuen-spheard harmonie
 Deliuerd from thy pearle-enuironed tongue,
 Each word being sweeter then a well tun'd song.
 But for the touch, all ages that are past,
 And times to come, would steale away, and waste
 Euen like a minute; and no time suffice
 To melt the Louer in such rarities:
 Each day would adde to other such excesse
 Of Nectar-flowing sweets, that Happinesse
 Would be too meane a word for to dilate
 The enuied blisse of his vnequall state.
 No more (quoth *Licia*) thou enough hast sayd
 Fo to deceiue a fillie witted maid:
 But to the God of Loue I will reueale,
 How that thou keepst a tongue maids harts to steale,
 Whose fatall arrow with the golden head,
 Which (as some write) makes all enamoured,
 May be compared well (without offence)

Vnto thy sweet tongue guilt with eloquence,
Whose powrfull accents, so constraining loue,
Had they beene knowen to Thunder-darting *Ioue*,
He neuer needed to haue vs'd such shapes
For to commit his slie stolne headdy rapes :
Or to *Apollo*, when his harebrained sonne,
The proud aspiring lucklesse *Phaeton*,
Would guide the lampe of heauen he then had staid,
And to his Sires graue counsels had obaid :
Beast-mouing *Orpheus*, and stones void of sence,
Ore which his musicke had preheminence,
Did not inchant so by his power diuine,
As doth that Adamantine tongue of thine.
Iudge me not light, that I so soone do yeeld
To part from that which I so deerely held ;
For where a likely beautie doth request,
Euen at the first, Loue ransacketh the brest :
And though maids seem coy, yet the heart is strooke
At the first glancing of an amorous looke :
For from the Louer to the loued eie
Passeth the visuall beames, which gendred nie
Vnto the heart, they thither hie amaine,
And there her bloud do secretly inflame
With strange desires, faint hopes, and longing feares,
Vnheard of wishes, thoughts begetting teares,
That ere she is aware she's farre in loue,

Yet knowes no cause that should affection moue.
 I could be froward, techie, fullen, mute,
 And with loue-killing looks repell thy sute ;
 Contemne the speaking letters which thou sends ;
 Command thine absence, and reiect thy friends ;
 Neglect thy presents, and thy vowes despise ;
 And laughing at thy teeres, force teeres arise ;
 Making thee spend a deale of precious time
 To get that heart which at the first was thine.
 More I could say. But he content with this,
 Closd vp the sentence with a sugred kisse.
 She seemd displeas'd, till kissing her againe,
Achilles like, he tooke away her paine :
 And then in close coucht termes would faine desire
 Loues highest blisse, than which there is no higher :
 But yet the bashfull boy knew not what art,
 What termes to vse, or how for to impart
 His secret meaning ; for he blusht for shame
 To thinke what he should aske ; & then would faine
 Haue made his bolder hand supply the roome
 Of his tongues office, which was mute and dumbe ;
 The which he layes vpon her siluer brest,
 Where little *Cupid* slumbring takes his rest ;
 Betweene the which an amorous streame doth run,
 That leads the way vnto *Elysium*.
 I wonder much (quoth he) when *Ioue* did make

A treble night for faire *Alcmenaes* sake,
She nere perceiued that the night was long,
Since all eyes wait vpon the rising sunne :
But sure some melting pleasure did detaine
Her willing senses, and did so enchain
Her captiue minde, that time vnthought of fled,
Long nights in sweets being swiftly buried.
Might I such dalliance craue, as great *Ioue* did
Of faire *Alcmena* ; or when he lay hid
In the swannes shape ; how happy were I then,
And how farre blest about all other men !
For this, the gods themselues haue often wooed,
Courtied, adored, kneeld vnto and sued,
Left heauen, their glory, pompe and maiestie,
And put aside their glittering deitie,
To get this iewell, which yeelds true content.
When that seuerer state perhaps gan ornament
Of inward woe, let mortals be excus'd,
When deities such amorous tricks haue vs'd.
O wit-abusing boy (sweet *Licia* cried ;)
The gods for that were neuer deified :
Though they did vse it, and obserue it well,
When ere they did it (as all Poets tell)
They from their godheads long before were turnd,
And to some monstrous beast they were transformd,
And in that shape did act lasciuiousnesse :

For

For lust transformes vs beasts, and no whit lesse
Do we than they, but yet deserue more blame,
We hauing reason, whose reproofe should tame
Rebell-affection, and not to let it grow,
To worke his owne vntimely ouerthrow.
Insatiate lust as Spring-frosts nips the growth
Of Natures fairest blossomes, crops the worth
Of her best hopes, nay's foe vnto delight,
Dulling the keene edge of our appetite,
Whose rancke desire, much like the Occan,
Whose swelling ridges no bound can containe,
Oreflowes whole sands, and in her emptie wombe
Buries them all ; Euen so doth lust intombe
All disrancke thoughts, sin-breeding interuiewes,
Disordred passions, all dishonest shewes
Of what may fatten vice ; like thristlese heires
Lusts champions are; which kill their dearest Sires
For their possessions, to giue both life and growth
To helborne riot. So lasciuious youth,
Courting our beauties, cares not to pollute
Our soules for that, though lest heauens substitute
To bridle passion. Gentle boy refraine,
And quench vnlawfull heat till *Hymens* flame
With sacred fire hath warmd vs, and her rites
Fully performd do warrant those delites.
By this the Soueraigne of heauens flaming beame

Had

Had got the full height of the starrie heauen; or to
 And the requests the boy, that for a while
 He will depart the roome, she may beguile
 The clothes of her blest presence; He obaid,
 And in a chamber next to hers he staid
 He being gone, the sheets away she flung;
 Which loth to let her go, about her clung;
 And as she strove to get out from the sheet,
 The upper clothes imprisond both her feet;
 Yet out she whips, and them away she throwes,
 Couering her beauties with the boyfull clothes;
 Her purple velvet gowne with gold-starres mixt,
 And euery starre with spangles set betwixt
 Of purest siluer, with a twitt of gold;
 Would much amaze the gazers to behold
 This starrie garment did she first put on,
 Which tooke light from her face as from the Sun;
 Her mantle was of richest taffatie,
 Where *Iupiter* was serving *Diana*,
 So liuely wrought by *Vestaes* chastest Nun,
 As much delighted the sweet lookers on.
 Her stomacher was all with diamonds set,
 Ore which a fall was plab'd with pearles with net,
 And at each pearle (which seemd to darke the skie)
 Hung glistring Rubies and rich Porphenie;
 A bracelet all of pearle her hands did grace;

For to her hands all orient are but base.
 A scarfe of maiden-blush did seeme to hide her,
 Wherein *Diana* when *Astron* spide her,
 Herselfe had wrought, looking with such disdain,
 As witnest well his after-following paine,
 One end whereof had yong *Leanders* shape,
 When through the swelling main (whose waues did
 He sought his chasteft *Hero*, beating from him
 The waues, which murmuring stroue for to come nere
 And at the other, matchlesse *Hero* stood
 Viewing *Leander* tossed by the flood,
 And how the churlish billowes beat that head
 On which herselfe was so enamoured,
 Praying to *Neptune*, not to be so cruell,
 But to deliuer up her dearest iewel:
 To figure to the world whose shining eies
 She set two diamonds of highest price
 Vpon her head she ware a vaile of lawne,
 Eclipsing halfe her eyes, through which they shone
 As doth the bright Sun, being shadowed
 By pale thin clouds, through which white streaks are
 Poore *Philos* wondred why she staid so long,
 And oft lookt out and mused she did not come.
 What need she decke her selfe with art (quoth he)
 Or hide those beauties with her brauerie,
 Which addeth glory to the meanest attire?

What

What if she went in her loose flagging haire,
Spread at his full length, that the Easterne winde
Might tie loue-knots for *Cupid* to vntwinde,
With some trasparente garment ore her skin,
Through which her naked glory might be seene:
Then as *Diana* a hunting might she goe;
But she nor needs her arrowes nor a bow:
For all the beasts that should but see her passe,
With wōdring straight would leaue the perled grasse
And feed their eyes, while with her snowy hand
She take what beasts she please; nor more command
Needs she to keepe them: for her iuory palme
Commandeth more than any iron chaine.
But now she's come, at whose thrise radiant light
As all amazd he shunnes her glorious sight,
Like those which long in darke, chance to espie
A candles glimmering, if it come but nie,
Can not endure that weake and feeble shine,
But straightway shut their dim and dazled cine.
No maruell then, though in great extasie
His spirits are, at glittering maiestie.
She feares the worst, and to her Louer skips,
Claps his plumpe cheeks, and beats his corall lips,
And seeing him fall breathlesse to the earth,
She seeks with kisses to inspire his breath.
At last his eye-lids he vp heaues againe,

And feeling her sweet kisses, gins to faime;
 Shuts his bright eyes, and stops his rosie breath,
 And for her kisses counterfeits his death.
 With that poore *Licia* both her hands ypholds,
 And those les fall, her wofull armes entolds;
 With cast vp eyes in labour with her teares,
 Which ioy did weep for woe to leaue those spheares
 Which downe her face made paths vnto her hicke,
 And feeling there shewd like a carquener;
 And she teares her haire, away it flings,
 Which twining on her fingers shewd like rings;
 Then she assaies to speake, but sighs and teares
 Eats vp her words and multiplies her feares.
 Why wert thou borne (quoth she) to die so soone?
 And leaue the world poore of perfection
 Or why did high heauen frame thee such a creature,
 So soone to perish: O selfe-hurting Nature,
 Why didst thou suffer death to steale him hence
 Who was thy glory and thy excellence.
 What are the Roses now, now he is gone,
 But like the broke sparks of a diamond,
 Whose scattered pieces shadow to the eye
 What the whole was, and adde to miserie
 Such this faire casket of a fairer iem,
 Whose beautie matchlesse now, what was it then
 When that his precious breath gaue life and sent

To those dead flowers whose seruior now is spent
O starueling Death, thou ruiner of Kings,
Thou foe to youth and beautie-sealed things,
Thou friend to none but sepulchers and graues,
High reared monuments, lasting Epitaphs,
Poore Clerks & Sextons, and some thristleesse heires,
Deprived Priests, and a few Courtiers,
Who hauing liuing, in reuerſion,
Do dayly pray for quicke possession,
Who had offended thee, that blinde with rage
Thou strookst at him, for whom succeeding age
Will curse thy bones: Physicians be thy haines,
And chase thee hence to lowest hell againe.
He hearing this, from pleasing death reuiues,
And drinke those teeres from her immortall eies,
Which drop by drop sought other to displace,
That each might kisse that sweet and daintie face.
Nor doth the Soueraigne of heauens golden fies,
After a storme so abſolve mens desires,
When with a smiling countenance he orelooks
The flowrie fields and siluer streaming brooks,
As Licia in his life was comforted,
Whom new before she thought for to be dead.
She locks her fingers in his crisped haire,
And pulles it out at length, which leaning there,
The haire bands backe as if for ioy had leapt,

To be a prisoner to hand so white:
And then she stroaks his alabaſter ſkin,
And chucks the boy on his immortal chin,
Glaſſing herſelfe within his matchleſſe eyes,
Where little *Cupids* conquering forces lies.
Faſte Deere (quoth he) to night now wil I leaue you,
But in your charge my heart I will bequeath you;
Securely ſleepe, left in your troubled breaſt
If you chance ſigh, you keepe my heart from reſt;
Which I proteſt hath many a tedious night
Counted times minutes for your abſent ſight:
What for the nuptials will ſeeme requiſit,
That to your charge (faire creature) I commit,
Which ere the bright Sun with his burning beame
Hath twice more coold his trefſes in the maine,
Shall be performd. This ſayd, away he's gone.
Farewell (quoth ſhe:) and at that word a groane
Waſted with ſighs and teeres, which to preuent,
For feare his ſweet heart ſhe ſhould diſcontent,
Vnto her needle in all haſte ſhe goes,
For to beguile her paſſions and her woes.
She firſt begins a ſmocke, of greater coſt
Than *Helen* wore that night when as ſhe loſt
Her husbands fame and honour, and thereby
Had almoſt kept our now loſt dignitie:
For *Paris* firſt, when as he came to bed,

On that rich smocke was so enamoured,
And so attentively beheld the same,
That he forgot almost for what he came:
For on the collar and the seame before
Was big-bon'd *Hercules* and the *Minotaur*,
Both wrought so lively, that the bloud which came
From that deformed beast, did seeme to staine
Her smocke below; which running here and there
Workt in red filke, did new and fresh appeare;
Which made yong *Paris* doubt, and thinke indeed
She was not well, and askt and she did bleed,
And would needs see: but wide the curtains drawn,
There was some iewell sparkled through the lawn,
Which pleas'd him so, that he had quite forgot
The curious working of the rich wrought smocke.
But loue-blest *Licia* in her smocke delights
To worke of pleasing tales and marriage rites,
Of louers sweet stolne sports, and of the rapes
Of gods immortall, and of maidens scapes:
There might you see *Mars* conquering *Venus* throwd,
Sea-torne *Aeneas* in a foggie cloud
Making for Carthage; entring all vnscene
To the rich temple where the Tyrian Queene
(Flashing forth beautie from her star-like eyes)
Sate in her throne to heare the Troians cries.
Beneath this same she wrought a boistrous storme,

Whereas

Whereas the mercy-wanting winds had torne
 The tops of loftie trees, and rent the roots
 Of stately Cedars and of aged oakes;
 The horrid thunder with his dreadfull claps
 Made yawn the mouth of heauen, from whose great
 The fearefull lightning flasht: and then againe
 Ione squeld the clouds, & powd down snow & rain.
 In this time for me she wrought the Tyriah Queene
 And great *Enon*, who that day had beene
 Hunting the fallow deere, and thither came
 To shrowd themselves from tempest and raine.
 Into a bushie caue hard by they got,
 Which thicke set trees did cover ore the top;
 In which the Carthage Queene *Enuiled*,
 Who there deceiu'd her of her maidenhead.
 A scarfe besides she made of cunning frame,
 Whereas *Alcides* club and armour throwne,
 His lion skin put off, in maids attire
 He grad the wheele at *Omphales* desire.
 And all this night she banisht sleepe by worke,
 Who in her chamber priuily did lurke,
 Tempting her eye-lids to conspire with him,
 Who often times would winke and ope againe
 But now bright *Phobus* in his burning car
 Visits each mortall eye and dimmes each star,
 The nights sole watch-man, when she casts aside

Whence

Her

Her curious worke, and doth in haste prouide:
For the faire fountaine which not far off stands,
Whose purling noise vpon the golden sands
Inuites each weary wandring passenger
To see and taste those streames which are so cleare.
The louing banks like armes seeme to embrace it,
Vpon the which there grew (the more to grace it)
All sorts of coloured flowers, which seemd to looke
And glasse themselues within that siluer brooke.
Plentie of grasse did euery where appeare,
Nurst by the moisture of the running riuer,
Which euer flourishing still a beautious greene,
Shewd like the palace of the Summers Queene:
For neither froit nor cold did nip those flowers,
Nor Sunburnt Autumne parch those leasie bowers:
And as she goes to bathe, the tender grasse
Twineth about her, loth to let her passe:
Here loue-strucke brambles plucke her by the gown,
There roses kisse her as she walks along.
When being come vnto the riuer side,
Looking about, for feare she should be spide,
She stript her naked, standing on the brinke,
When the deere water, who ten yeeres did thinke
Till she was in, conspired with the banke,
That downe it fell, and all vnwares she sanke
Vp to the brests; then it inclosd her round,

Kisses each part, and from the purling ground
 The vnder-streames made haste to come and view
 Those beauties which no earth could euer shew.
 The slimy fishes with their watry finnes
 Stand gazing on her, and close by her swimmes,
 And as she mou'd they mou'd, she needs no bait,
 For as when *Orpheus* plaid, so do they wait.
 And purple *Titan*, whom some fogs did shrowd,
 Perforce brake forth from his imprisond cloud
 To gaze vpon her, whose reflecting beames
 When hot she felt, she leaues the watry streames;
 Which they perceiuing, lessened her strength,
 To make her stay; yet out she got at length:
 For which the waters are at enmitie
 With the Sunnes bright and glorious maiestie,
 And euery morning, ere *Apollo* rise,
 They send blacke vapours vp to his darke eies,
 And maske his beautie, that he be not seene
 To hinder them of such a blessed blessing.
 Now vp she gets, and homeward fast she goes,
 And by the way is musing of the ioyes
 To morrowes day should yeeld, and wisht it come;
 But her swift wishes ouergoe the Sunne,
 Which to her thinking, like a tired man
 Heauily loaden, vp a hill doth come.
 Ay me (quoth she) had *Thetis* *Daphnes* grace,

Kisses

Then

Then wouldst thou ierke thy horses, and apace
Scowre through the azurd skie: but for she's old,
Wanting white snowy armes for to enfold
Thy golden body, therefore thou doest mone
(As though new parted from some amorous loue)
Not like a man trudging with more than haste,
That he might clip his louers melting waste.
Were I the ruler of that fierie teame,
Bloud would I fetch, and force them leape amaine
Into the sea, and ouerspread the skie
With pitchie clouds, their darke some liuerie.
Yet home she hies in hope to finde the boy
Which soone would turne those sorrowes into ioy:
But he was absent; for much time he spent
To make his horse fit for the Turnament,
Which with his curtelax and drery lance
He meant to holde her beautie to aduance:
When missing him, she knew not how to spend
The weary day, nor bring it to end,
But calls her maid to beare her companie,
And willed her to tell some historie
Which she had read or heard, to mocke the time;
Who with a sober smile did thus beginne:
In Crete there dwelt a boy of so good grace,
So wondrous beautie, such a louely face,
An eye so liuely, such a cherrie lip,

So white a belly and so strait a hip,
So well shapt, faire, in euery part and lim,
That Nature was in loue with making him.
This boy would oft resort vnto the Lawnes,
To rouse the Satyres and the nimble fawnes,
That he might chase them ; but the fearefull deere
Loue-taken by his presence, would not stirre :
So he was faine (when he would haue some play)
Himselfe to run, and then they scud away
And follow him, and in the place he stands
Come lightly tripping for to licke his hands :
And if the lion chanc't for to espie him,
He would away, looke back, but not come nie him,
Lest he should feare him, and complaine of Nature,
That she had made him such a horrid creature,
And wish himselfe to be the gentle hare,
The timorous sheepe, or any beast that were,
So he might gaze on him, and not beasts king,
To be depriu'd of so endeerd a blessing.
And many times the wood nymph in a ring
Would girt the boy about, and being hemd in,
Ere he get out, a kisse to each must giue,
Or being so inchaind, so must he liue.
As thus the boy did often times resort
Vnto the woods to finde some friendly sport,
One day amongst the rest he chanc't to spie

A virgin huntresse comming that way by,
With light thin garments tuckt vp to the knees,
Buskins about her legs, through which he sees
A skin so white, that neuer did his eie
Beholde so chaste, so pure, so sweet a die :
Her vpper bodies when he did beholde,
They seemd all glistring to be made of gold,
But he perceiued, being somewhat nere,
It was the beautie of her dangling haire,
Which from her head hung downe vnto her waste,
And such a bright and orient colour cast.
About her necke she ware a precious stone,
A high prisd, matchlesse, sparkling diamond,
But poising it with her transpiercing eye,
Shewd like a candle when the Sun is by.
The louely boy was taken with the hooke,
The more he gazd, the more still was he strooke ;
A thousand amourous glances he doth throwe,
And those recoild, seconds a thousands moe .
At last the boy being danted by her feature,
Makes his speech prologue to so admir'd a creature :
Celestiall goddesse, sprung from heauenly race,
Ioues sweetest offspring, shew me but what place
Thou doest inhabit, where thy Temple stands,
That I may offer with vnspotted hands
On thy deere Altar ; and vpon thy praise

Sing glorious hymnes and sweet tun'd roundelays ;
But ô most happy if I were thy Priest,
To celebrate thy vigils and thy feast.
It it be *Paphos* and thou loues sweet Queene,
Rose cheekt *Adonis* would that I had beene ;
Or if nights gouernesse, the pale-fac'd Moone,
For thy sake would I were *Endymion* ;
But if no goddesse, yet of heavenly birth,
And not disdainst poore men that liue on earth,
If thou hast any Loue, would I were he,
Or if thou wantt one, fix thy loue on me.
With that she blusht, and smiling lookt vpon him ;
But here she left : for *Philos* comming in,
Brake off her tale, and then they all deuise
For state and show, how they may solemnise
Their nuptials : each minute seemes a day,
Till the slow houres had stolne the night away :
But morne being come, theres none can tell the blis
That they conceiu'd, without the like were his.
The golden Sun did cherish vp the day,
And chaf'd the foggie mists and slime away,
And gentle *Zephyre* with perfumed breath
Stealing the sweets from off the flowry earth,
Doth mildly breathe among the enamord trees,
Kissing their leafe locks, which like still seas
Waue vp and downe : and on the sprigs there stood

The feathred Quiristers of the shadowy wood,
Warbling forth layes of piercing melodie,
Measuring the dances of the wind-wau'd tree.
Swift-winged *Mercurie* hearing the report
Of these same nuptials, trudg'd vnto the Court,
And there vnto the bench of Deities
Vnfolds this newes, who altogether rise,
And on the battlements of the azure skie
They seat themselues to see these two passe by.
Afore him went a troupe of gallant youth,
Of the best feature and of perfect growth;
He followed in a cloake of cloth of gold,
Larded with pearles, with diamonds enrold;
His vpper vestment was cut out in starres,
(Such wore great *Mars* when as he left the warres,
And courted *Venus*) vnder which was drawne
Cloth all of tyssue couered ore with lawne.
Next came the Bride, like to the Queene of light,
Drawne by her dragons to adorne the night:
When she is richly drest and all things on,
Going to court her sweet *Endymion*,
Attended by a shining companie
Of louely damfels, who together hie
Vnto the Temple, where the sacred Priest
In all his hallowed vestments being drest,
With each consent, ioyning the louers hands,
Knit them together in *Hymens* sacred bands.